

State Normal Magazine

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My Cape Fear River Home

Lila Melvin, '14, Adelporian

When the sweet arbutus blossoms
By the river's winding stream—
Nestling 'neath its leafy cover,
Hidden from the sun's bright beam,
Springtime's herald, sweetest flower
Ever nature bade to bloom—
Then I'm longing to be going
To my Cape Fear River home.

There the jasmine twines the dogwood,
Myriads of yellow bells
Mingling with the snowy blossoms,
Each of springtime's glory tells.
Though you search the wide world over,
You'll not find where'er you roam
Sweeter flower than jasmine, blooming
In my Cape Fear River home.

Hark! the mocking-bird is calling
To his mate across the hill;
As he sings his mounting love song,
Hear her distant answering trill.
Soul of springtime, joy, and gladness,
Far from out your airy dome
With your notes of spring you call me
To my Cape Fear River home.



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The Student Volunteer Convention

Maud Bunn, '14, Cornelian

If on December 29th, 1913, the spectator had chanced to be present at the Greensboro station when Southern train No. 21 pulled in, he would have seen many people—college men and women—eagerly directing their steps toward a car at the entrance of which stood a tall, important looking mulatto, whose uniform indicated that he was one of those highly respectable personages called Pullman porters. This formidable person was calling out in stentorian tones: "Nobody gets on this car but the delegates to the Kansas City Convention! This is the Kansas City Special!" And so it was that only those fortunate people having credentials from headquarters which proved their eligibility to the Student Volunteer Convention were allowed to enter the Kansas City Special.

In a short time all the delegates who had so eagerly awaited the arrival of this train were comfortably situated in the special car and were speeding westward. Soon every one knew every other one, and congeniality and good fellowship reigned supreme. Why should it not? Were not all bound for the same place? Did not all have one purpose in view?

As the train moved on, other delegates joined the party along the way. At Asheville the car bearing the delegation from South Carolina was attached. Then it was that the circle of friends which had been limited to one state widened, the delegates of our sister state sharing in the spirit of congeniality and good fellowship which prevailed.

It was dark when the car passed through beautiful Western North Carolina on the way to Kansas City; so the pleasure of seeing this was postponed until the return trip.

Perhaps the one thing which contributed most to this spirit was the Christian love fostered by prayer services held morning and evening on the cars. Leaders of these services impressed upon the delegates the responsibility which rested upon them as representatives at this great convention.

But to come back to the journey itself, for the delegations are yet some distance from Kansas City. Very early Tuesday morning, December 30th, Danville, Kentucky, was reached. The trip following this was beautiful. The view of the country made lasting impressions upon the delegates. The old southern songs of Kentucky life came to the minds of all as across the blue grass country they caught glimpses of old colonial brick homesteads.

About noon on the 30th, the train bearing the delegations of the two Carolinas reached Louisville. Here there was a big treat in store, for the delegates from all the Southern States were to meet and spend the afternoon. Dinner and supper were served at the beautiful new Y. M. C. A. building, and the afternoon was spent in seeing the city. About seven o'clock all the delegates left Louisville. Now there was such a big number that a special train had to be made up. Imagine if you will a train of a dozen or more cars filled entirely with people bound for the convention. It was then that college and state spirit was at its height. Groups of people went from car to car giving yells, and singing stirring college and state songs. Every one was happy.

On the train moved, past St. Louis and Jefferson City—which last the all-important porter announced was “the capital of Misery”—until the afternoon of the 31st when it pulled into Kansas City. Immediately upon arriving the delegates went to the registration office and were assigned homes. Soon hundreds of little boy scouts were busy directing people to their new homes. It did not take long for every one to get settled. The train having been delayed several hours, the southern delegates missed the opening session of the convention, but they were there in ample time for the second session

which was held at eight o'clock that evening. This meeting will never be forgotten by them. Many had never seen such a large assemblage of people before, and even those who had, had never seen an assemblage of this nature. The immense convention hall, seating fifteen thousand, was almost full. It was stated that this was the most representative student gathering ever assembled in the United States.

The convention was indeed wonderful. It was a liberal education in itself. Merely to come in contact with such a number of intellectual people was of untold value. The leaders of the convention were the Christian leaders of the world—highly intellectual; deeply spiritual. If one attended the Convention merely for intellectual stimulus, he would not fail to get it; but above this and with this he would get spiritual inspiration. Some unseen and intangible power would come to him, for this power, this spirit of God, pervaded the whole convention—entered into and took possession of every one present. Especially did they feel the reality of this spirit in the wonderful silent prayers which were a part of every service. To see thousands of people—strong men and women—bowed in silence was a sight which would cause the atheist himself to stop and think.

Perhaps the greatest spirit of the convention was John R. Mott, its chairman. Dr. Mott is a powerful man. He is acknowledged the greatest missionary leader of the world. His work has taken him around the world five times and has led him to nearly every land. His missionary books include some of the best sellers in the field of literature. Every person present felt Dr. Mott's force.

Other men who made lasting impressions because of their magnetic personalities and forceful addresses were Robert Speer, Sherwood Eddy, Wilbert Smith, William J. Bryan, Dr. J. A. McDonald, John W. Wood, Rev. Murdock MacKenzie, and Rev. Samuel M. Zwemer. Indeed no one spoke who did not give a message to be remembered. These men talked along every line. The conditions of the world were laid bare, and men and women were urged to better them.

Perhaps the one thing emphasized most was the Christianizing of the schools and colleges of America. The opening

address given by Dr. Mott, dealt with this problem. America stands as the greatest nation. The strength of the nation is the spirit of its people. The future of the nation depends upon its students. Thus it was shown how America's future greatness depends upon the Christianity of its students today. And further it was shown that if America does become truly Christian the evangelization of the world will follow.

Dr. Mott, who opened the convention, also gave the closing address. What he said on that last evening will ever stand out in the minds of those who heard it. His subject was Prayer. He asked the question: "What will enable you to carry most back from the convention?" and then showed how prayer alone could enable one to carry away the inspiration he had received. He said: "It is impossible psychologically, spiritually, and experimentally to keep the vision without prayer," and "We cannot be most helpful to others unless we ourselves have daily communion with God." His closing words burned deep into the souls of all, for in a softened voice he said: "If Christ found it necessary, or even desirable to spend time alone with God, can we dare think we do not need it? God forbid." Immediately then the immense audience rose and united in silent prayer. That stillness was the most powerful thing at the whole convention. While standing thus, a quartette of male voices sang, "Still, still with Thee".

This last meeting was a very interesting one. It was then that the statistics of the convention given below, were read:

3984—Student delegates

279—Missionaries

53—Editors

365—Specially invited guests

350—Laymen

5031—Total

755—Total number of institutions represented.

Also those volunteers who had received appointments to sail were asked to rise, and prayer was offered for them. It was at this last meeting too, that the honor-roll, that is, the roll of people who had died in the cause of missions since the last convention, was read while all stood to show honor and respect

for them. Cablegrams from all over the world were read, showing how the convention was regarded in foreign lands.

But all things must end. At shortly before ten o'clock Sunday night, January 4th, the final hymn was sung and the convention brought to a close. No words can express the feelings of those five thousand delegates as they left the hall that evening. They were different men and women from those who had entered the hall on the Wednesday evening before.

Sunday night January 4th, the delegates left Kansas City homeward bound. The trip back had been arranged so that territory passed through at night going would be passed through during the day returning, which of course, added greatly to the pleasure of the trip. The train pulled into St. Louis Monday morning in time for the passengers to get breakfast. This time the Mississippi was an object of interest as it had been dark when it was passed before. Louisville was reached Monday night, and Knoxville Tuesday about noon. The trip from Knoxville to Asheville was wonderful. The scenery is almost unsurpassed for beauty and grandeur. For miles the railroad follows the French Broad River, which winds like a serpent in and out among the mountains.

At Asheville, North Carolina, we bade goodbye to our South Carolina friends. It was while there, too, that the train was delayed several hours, giving the delegates an opportunity of making a sight-seeing tour over the city.

About seven-thirty January 6th, the North Carolina family left Asheville. That night—the last night—will never be forgotten. After the usual prayer service, the delegates who had grown to be so near, lingered long and talked. But parting had to come. The train reached Greensboro on the morning of January 7th, and the many friends bade farewell to one another.

“The Groves Were God’s First Temples”

Carey Wilson, Cornelian

The forest’s dim wind-cooled cathedral aisle
Leads o’er a velvet floor of hyacinths
To uptossed rocks, a fern-fringed altar pile.
Through autumn tinted windows shadows fall,
The honeysuckle censers incense breathe,
And weirdly sweet above, the pine chimes call.

And flowers typify the service, too,
For like a heart with happy praises full
The rose is prodigal with sweet; while true
And humbly sturdy stands the goldenrod
To teach; and lowly kneeling in the field,
The white-robed lily sends a prayer to God.

The upturned face of every pansy bloom
Holds in its depth a look of human faith:
The blueness of the violet ’mid the gloom
Of darkest days, gives hope that naught can mar;
And in earth’s corners everywhere love peeps
From tiniest flow’r, the snow-white “Bethlehem star”.

The Legend of Blowing Rock

Artelee K. Puett, '17, Cornelian

Just as the sun was hiding its golden rays behind the distant mountains, illuminating the "land of the sky" with its soft light, an Indian warrior, weary and worn, was tediously picking his way through the rough mountain trails. As he reached the summit of a high mountain—a large rock overlooking the valley with its darkening shadows far-far below—he fell exhausted.

At the same time Uncas and his lady-love were starting for their evening walk, which was to terminate at this same big rock. Muja, for this was the Indian maiden's name, had found this rock several weeks before, but for certain reasons she had kept it a secret. Stealing away from the tribe, she would come here to think of her lover; she would go over the terrible quarrel between Uncas and his chief, the separation which followed, the flight with a few faithful comrades, their wanderings in the vast wilderness, and finally their settlement only two miles from this beautiful spot.

As the two strolled along, Muja consciously turned her footsteps toward her haunt, for on this afternoon she had planned to reveal her hidden nook to Uncas. Just before reaching the spot, she bade him be quiet so that he might be able to appreciate fully the wonderful scene with its background of towering mountains. But her request was of no avail; for the moment they reached the opening, the form of the wearied Indian met their eyes. Rushing to him, they found that he was still alive; so Uncas tenderly lifted the wasted form and started for his wigwam.

In the days that followed, Muja, by her gentleness, kindness, and loving care, soon won the admiration of the stranger who was slowly regaining his strength. One day she decided to take him to see the place where he had been found. Accordingly, they set out and on reaching their destination Muja suggested that they sit down and rest before starting back. They were hardly seated before her companion began making

love to her. She begged him to stop, telling him that she could only be his friend, since she was already promised to another. On hearing this the rejected Indian jumped up saying, "If you don't marry me, you shall not marry that Uncas! I hate him! Either you marry me or I will hurl you from this rock into the bottomless valley below! Choose! I give you three minutes—three—no more!"

"Oh! you don't know what you are saying. I can't marry you, a stranger to our tribe."

"Choose! Which shall it be, me or death?"

"Oh! please—"

"Choose!"

"Death!"

She had hardly uttered the words before he carried out his threat. Then immediately his crime dawned upon him. His only desire was to flee, to escape the awful consequences of his act. Every moment was precious; he fled and was lost forever in the unknown forest. Nor was his flight one moment too soon, for Uncas, having missed Muja, had come in search of her, thinking that perhaps he might find her here alone.

Muja's body fell about two hundred feet; then by a violent rushing together of the winds in the valley, instead of falling to the ground, the body was gently wafted higher and higher until it floated on a level with the rock from which she had been hurled. Uncas was on the point of leaving when he caught sight of her. With a bound he reached the edge of the cliff, and stretching out his hand caught the ends of her hair with which he gently pulled her seemingly lifeless form toward him. After much vigorous rubbing, the maiden opened her eyes, but it was several minutes before she could tell her true lover what had happened.

In his anxiety to get Muja safely home, and in his joy at having her by his side, he forgot about the would-be murderer. However, after their friends had been told of the treachery of the Indian, they were not long in planning revenge. But Muja explained how useless it would be to try to follow him in such a vast wilderness; so they gave up the plan, and instead prepared for a wedding. After the wedding the whole tribe moved their wigwams to the big rock, which was ever afterwards known as Blowing Rock.

The Borough Towns in North Carolina

Eliza Moore, '14, Adelphian

"In England before representative government was established, the term 'borough' bore the signification of a pledge; that is, when a number of men congregated in a community, thus forming a village or a town, that town or village became responsible for the acts of its inhabitants, became in other words, a borough or pledge for their good conduct." This manner of franchise like many other customs of the mother country came to be practiced in the province of North Carolina.

As the communities grew in number, wealth, influence, and power, there came to be a desire among the inhabitants for recognition. The government also, wishing to encourage development, created by the act of the assembly, Boroughs. "For the further encouragement of the town of Bath and all other towns now and hereafter built within this government, it shall and may be lawful for the freeholders of said town of Bath and of all other towns now or hereafter built or to be built within this government, at all times hereafter, when representatives or burgesses are to be chosen for the precinct within which the town lies, to elect one burgess to represent the same in all succeeding assemblies to serve for the town of Bath, or any other town whatsoever, shall not begin nor commence till such town shall have at least sixty families." Thus there came to be an organization of civil government in the town which made it necessary for each individual to surrender part of his freedom and property in return for the united effort of the community, represented in government under a pledge.

There were nine borough towns created in the North Carolina province. Those towns were, Bath, New Bern, Edenton, Wilmington, Brunswick, Campbellton, Halifax, Salisbury, Hillsboro. We shall consider the early history of each of these towns and their relation to the colony as a whole.

Bath is the oldest town in the state and shall therefore be the first of the borough towns to be considered. It was laid off and incorporated in 1705, forty-two years having intervened between the first settlement and the beginning of the first town. At the time it was incorporated Bath consisted of a few houses, the greater part of the population residing on nearby plantations. Rev. William Gordon wrote of it in 1709: "Here is no church though they have begun to build a town called Bath. It consists of about twelve houses, and is the only town in the province. They have a small collection of books for a library, which were carried over by Dr. Bray, and some land is laid out for a glebe, but no minister would ever stay long in the place, though several have come hither, and yet I must say it is not the unpleasantest part of the country. Nay, in all probability it will be the center of a trade as the advantage of a better inlet for shipping, and surrounded with the most pleasant of savannahs very useful for stocks or cattle."

Bath is situated on the Pamlico River. It was settled by the French Catholics, Scotch Presbyterians, Dutch Lutherans, Irish Catholics, and the English. The French were the first settlers. These people were among the most progressive of the colonists. Their town, besides being the oldest in the state, has much more historical interest. Bath was for a time the capital of the province, the residence of a Royal Governor and headquarters of the bloody pirate, Blackbeard. It has the distinction of having the first library in the state. Dr. Bray gave to the colony the books of which the library was composed. It was some years after the town was begun before a church was built. In 1734 St. Thomas Church was erected. The brick of which it was built came from England. It is said Queen Anne gave to St. Thomas Parish a silver communion cup and a bell.

One term of the Assembly was held in Bath during Gov. Johnston's administration, in 1752. At this Assembly an act was passed facilitating navigation of the port of Bath. The town was at this time prosperous, carrying on a brisk trade with the West Indies and other ports. It was not until 1766 that Bath possessed a court house and a jail.

Among the prominent men of Bath were Tobian Knight, Secretary of the Province and Judge of the Admiralty Court; Christopher Gale, Chief Justice of the Colony; Lawson, Surveyor General under the crown and Carolina's old historian.

There were a great many interesting old homes in and around Bath, built in the early days. Perhaps the quaintest house in existence in the state today is the old Marsh home, situated on the principal street of Bath and in good preservation, although it was built in 1744. The chimney is 17 feet broad and 4 feet thick, having windows in it which open into closets having stone floors. The home was built by a Frenchman for Mr. and Mrs. Whitmore, who sold it a few years later because of the sad associations there after the death of a loved one. Mr. Jonathan Marsh purchased the home and it is known today as the "Old Marsh Home". The old Armond homes near Bath are of interest because of their winding stairs, hip-roofs, and picturesqueness, but the tradition of the beautiful palace owned by one of the bachelor Armond brothers is especially interesting. Being excited by the wealth of their master the servants decided one day to become rich too. Finding the gentleman asleep they threw an immense feather bed over him, smothering and killing him. The negroes, three in number, were apprehended and burned at the stake. This is the only case of its kind on record in the state. The large size and general plan of the houses give token of gay and generous French hospitality. Tradition has kept up the memory of those old homes of "grand balls in which gay ladies in rich brocades trod the stately minuets with their gallant partners."

During the summer of 1710 settlers from Switzerland and Germany selecting a pleasant sight at the junction of the Trent and Neuse Rivers, laid the foundation of a town which they called New Bern, for their old capital in the far away Alps. DeGraffenried was the leader of these settlers, known as the Palatines. This colony was from DeGraffenried's own narration, "the child of his sorrow". After experiencing much sorrow, a better time finally came when houses were built and crops were ripe—it was then the Indians swept down, killing eighty and taking twenty off as captives.

DeGraffenried arranged a treaty by which the settlers were exempt from further trouble with the Indians and soon after left the colony in charge of Thomas Pollock. This took place in 1711, one year after the arrival of the Palatines. After this, houses were built and general progress was made until in 1715 the town was franchised. In 1723 it was incorporated, and "during the days of Gov. Tryon, New Bern reached its zenith of social brilliance." In 1764 the assembly passed an act for starting by private money a school in New Bern. This school, taught by Mr. Tomlinson, soon overflowed, and Mr. Tomlinson wrote to England for an assistant. The school received each year a small gift from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and was allowed by the Assembly a tax of a penny a gallon on rum. The Assembly for the first time met in New Bern in 1738. In 1746 the seat of government was fixed there. The Assembly of 1766 agreed, at the request of Governor Tryon, to spend fifteen thousand pounds for a government building at New Bern. This house, which was to serve for a home for the governors as well as for a state-house, was called the Palace. When completed in 1770 it was the handsomest state house then in America. Skilled workmen were brought from Philadelphia and from London to rear its walls and finish its rooms. Carved mantels and marble tablets from Europe adorned its halls. For a time the Tryon Palace, as it was called, was a place where was found "the wit and wealth, the beauty and fashion of the whole colony." Many of the prominent men of the colony at this time were from New Bern,—Richard Caswell, Abner Nash, Ferguson, and others.

Edenton, often alluded to as the "Towne in Queene Anne's Creek," the "Towne in Mattercomock Creek", and the "Port of Roanoke," was the ancient metropolis of the Albemarle district. The town was established by an act of the assembly in 1712, and in 1722 it was incorporated as the town of Edenton. From 1720 to 1738 the assembly met in Edenton. In 1738 and 1739 it met in New Bern but in 1740 it resumed its meeting in Edenton until in 1743 it held its last meeting there. Among the most influential figures connected with the early history of Edenton and the colony was Edward Mosely.

As a lawyer, scholar, legislator, and gentleman, Mosely stood pre-eminent. He was the first Chief Justice of the Province from 1709 to 1711, and was subsequently appointed to the same office in 1720, which he held until the close of the Provincial Government in 1729. In 1729 while holding the office of Surveyor General, he was appointed by the Governor to establish the Virginia-Carolina line which long standing controversy he settled in an admirable way. This office of Surveyor General he held for twenty years, during which time he also settled the North Carolina-South Carolina boundary line. He was speaker to the House during Governor Eden's administration. The library at Edenton was established by him, he personally contributing seventy-three volumes to it. The silver chalice and paten now used in St. Paul's Church bears this inscription, "The gift of Col. Edward Mosely for ye use of ye church in Edenton in the year of 1725." Besides Mosely, we find many other prominent men in the state from Edenton—Samuel Johnston, Thomas Jones, Joseph Hewes, James Iredell. If we go to Edenton today, we find four monuments in front of the courthouse which relate to the early history of the colony. The first is erected to the Women of the Edenton Tea Party. The patriotic act of these ladies cannot be forgotten in North Carolina. Another of the monuments is to James Iredell, the Attorney General of North Carolina in the heroic times of the Revolution, an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States by appointment of Washington. Another of the monuments is to Joseph Hewes, signer of the Declaration of Independence. The fourth is to Manning and Hoskins, of military fame.

The oldest church in the state, St. Paul's Church, is in Edenton. It is often called the Westminster Abbey of North Carolina. The records of the first doctors in the state are at Edenton. As early as 1700 Dr. John King, of the Albemarle district, was practicing in the surrounding country. Dr. Godfrey Spruill located there in 1702. As progress moved west in the colony Edenton became out-of-the-way and not so active in affairs; but it remained always a center of wealth and culture.

If there was any section of North Carolina that vied with Edenton in wealth and culture it was Wilmington, in the Cape Fear section. Governor Johnston, writing of the inhabitants of this section December 24, 1734, said: "They are a very sober and industrious set of people and have made amazing progress in their improvement since their first settlement which was eight years ago. As proof of this I find by the collector's books forty-two ships went loaded from this river within these twelve months last passed. There are now several of them planting mulberries for the raising of raw silks, and cultivating vines for producing wines in which they seem expert."

The little hamlet of Wilmington existed as early as 1732, Governor Johnston opening a land office there in May, 1735. In 1739 Wilmington was incorporated and made a borough. The Assembly was held there in 1741 and in 1746. On March 5, 1763, Wilmington was granted a royal charter. In and around Wilmington lived some of the most influential men in the colony. Among them are General Lillington, Cornelius Harnett, William Hooper, Samuel Ashe, John Waddell, and the Moores.

The homes of these men are typical of the general architecture of the district. They were large wooden structures, with wide halls and piazzas, with no pretense to beauty, but comfortable and unbounded in hospitality.

The Moores, Maurice and Roger, were the founders of Brunswick. It was begun in 1725, but Governor Johnston threw his influence in favor of its rival, Newton, and it was not incorporated until 1745. It was franchised by special act of the Assembly in 1754, though it did not contain more than twenty families. The people who settled here moved away and little effort was made after the very first one to make a large settlement. St. Philip's Church there was built early, and still stands, so perfect was the workmanship.

In 1753 Salisbury was laid off by William Churton, who founded many towns in the middle section of the province. Although it was laid off at this time, it was not incorporated until 1770. Governor Tryon no doubt influenced by the inequality of representation between the east and the west,

created it a borough by charter in 1765 or 1766. Salisbury was never a very prominent place. It was used a great deal as a stop-over place by travelers.

The progress of settlement in Orange County presents the usual order—first the Indian trader, next the hunter and pioneer, and then the settler. Rude in its beginning thus a town sprung up on the Eno, a branch of the Neuse. This town was called Hillsboro for the Earl of Hillsborough, Secretary of State for American affairs. The name might have been taken because of the beautiful eminences surrounding it. A number of energetic, able, adventurers settled there between 1761 and 1764. Edmund Fanning came in 1761. He was “the best lawyer in the province” and a good citizen. He built a fine home and was instrumental in the erection of a commodious store and a handsome church, and secured a parson for the church. The parson was Rev. George Meiklejohn, who was also school teacher. It is believed it was through his influence that the clock that still keeps time, was obtained from the King. Rev. Mr. Meiklejohn had a good library which he shared with his neighbors.

Francis Nash, Johnston, Macnair, Thackston, Colonel Hart and other prominent men, led the social life in the little town. Some one wrote of passing through Hillsboro at this time, “The evening was spent with a great crowd of lawyers and others. I narrowly escaped intoxication.”

The life went on until the poor, hard working people realizing that they were being imposed upon by the tax collectors, asked for an account of what taxes went for. Obtaining no reply they began the conflict called the Regulator trouble. This was settled finally at the battle of Alamance in May, 1771, and life in the section began again—not in revelry, but in an earnest effort for development. The first Provincial Congress convened at Hillsboro in August, 1775. It held its meeting in the handsome church that stood near the site of the present Presbyterian Church. After his sad defeat at Camden, Gates’ headquarters were here. On his pursuit after Greene Lord Cornwallis also had his headquarters here. Governor Burke was in Hillsboro when captured by the Tories. The town contained many handsome

residences which the men of note always occupied when there.

Campbellton was incorporated as a town in 1762. Being at the head of the navigation of the Cape Fear River and being the most eligible of localities in the province for a town, it grew rapidly. It soon had a rival, however, in the nearby village of Cross Creek.

In 1765 Robert Cochran, of Pennsylvania, erected a mill. A mill in a new country is an important thing, and soon a settlement, to which was given the name of Cross Creek, surrounded it. The settlers of Cross Creek were chiefly Scotch Highlanders, as were the settlers of Campbellton. Of the two villages, Campbellton and Cross Creek, the former grew to be more important. Accordingly the legislature of 1778, at its first session, included Cross Creek in Campbellton. In 1773, Campbellton was made a borough by charter. In April, 1783, the legislature re-enacted "that the said town from its convenience to the western settlements and the easy transportation of goods down the Cape Fear River must necessarily become a great market for the products of the interior country," and changed its name to Fayetteville, for La Fayette, shortly after his visit there. Campbellton was disfranchised by the constitution of 1776, but Fayetteville was franchised by an ordinance of the convention of 1789, which had met in that place to consider and adopt the Federal Constitution.

Halifax, a name associated with memories of gallant deeds and the home of many heroes, is situated on the banks of the Roanoke, in what was then Edgecombe County, but in 1759 the county of Halifax was formed and thus the town Halifax became the judicial center of the new county. The town early came to be noted for its hospitality because this place was the best place to cross the dangerous Roanoke, and the travelers always stopped in Halifax.

The Second Provincial Congress in America to declare independence, met in Halifax in April 1776. This was the fourth Provincial Congress. There, too, was the birth of the state in December of 1776. A session of the legislature of 1780 was held in Halifax. On a slight elevation called Constitution Hill, is still standing the house in which this conven-

tion met. Willie Jones was of Halifax. Someone has said of him: "He was to North Carolina what Thomas Jefferson was to Virginia." The Jones' old home, called "Groves House", was one of the handsomest in the state.

Thus we find the early towns in the state, not centers of commercial, industrial, or social life, but political centers.

Home

Natalie Hughes Tuck, '16, Cornelian

Hidden in a darkened wood,
Within a dim retreat,
A cottage stands, amid the flowers
That grow in fragrance sweet.
The summer breezes softly blow,
A brook goes singing by—
All nature tells the heart to sing,
And never grieve or sigh.

Away from strife and toil of life,
Away from pain and care,
This cottage rests, in silence deep,
Amid the flowers fair.
The silver moon-beams softly play
Around the open door,
The lilies bloom, the thrushes sing—
But *she* is here no more.

So, what is this to call a home—
A barren, lonely nook,
Without her heart and loving words,
Without her smile and look?
Without her never-failing love
Without her sympathy,
My home is but a dreary waste
The world—a wilderness.

Just Plain Waynesboro, N. C.

Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian

It was an April sunrise in the Scottish highlands. One lone plaid figure, holding aloft a rude cross, stood upon a little hillock, outlined against the horizon. Suddenly Rhoderick Dhu sent out the call, one long shrill whistle prolonged till the hills gave answer, then three short imperative whistles. And Rhoderick Dhu vanished from sight. Straightway along the heather appeared faint, moving lines of plaid, converging toward the point where the chieftain had stood, as creeping on hands and knees, so that the enemy might not discover their whereabouts, Clan Alpine obeyed the signal to assemble.

At least that was what Rebecca said was happening.

But on the other side of the school yard it was autumn moonlight, and stealthily, silently, the Indian tribe was gathering at the sign of the swarthy Heap Big Chief Grizzly-Grizzly; was gathering at the clearing in the forest, for the grim war dance.

It was merely a warm day in July in a little town in eastern North Carolina, and the children were merely picnicking on the school yard. But the boys' yard, overgrown with the low, stubby growth covered with yellow bloom called by the children "dog-daisies", made an excellent Scottish heath, and by no means could the stretch of long-leaf pine in the girls' yard be aught but the red man's hunting ground. That had all been arranged the day before, between innings of the baseball game in Allie's back yard.

Jenny, who was brown and thin, and could run faster than anybody, had suggested having a picnic, and Rebecca, who couldn't climb a fence—much less a tree—and who sat up at night to read *Ivanhoe* or the *Idylls of the King*, had said, "let's play Scotch Highlanders". Allie, who "liked Scott too," had come in with "let's do", but Louise and Evelyn, who had been to Pawnee Bill, had cried out for playing Indian. And so they split half and half, the indif-

ferent ones enlisting on Jenny's or Evelyn's side as Jenny or Evelyn happened to be ranked in their esteem.

And then had come the apportionment to places. The Indians each chose names and tent-places, and immediately went to ransacking rag-bags and teasing mothers for costumes. But with the Highlanders the task was not so simple. Rebecca and Jenny and Alice had read the books; Rebecca and Jenny and Alice must assign the characters—and "you must all act your parts like sure enough," was Rebecca's stipulation. There was no trouble about Rhoderick Dhu, that was Jenny. And Allie, she was finally satisfied with the part of Michael Graeme.

"Rebecca, you must be Ellen Douglas," said Allie.

But Rebecca had insisted no, no, she didn't look the part, and "bided" for The Knight of Snowdown, James Fitz James. And then an Ellen Douglas had to be found. Not one of the clan would do, said Rebecca. They must find someone. Why—Fay's little sister, of course! Thereupon, Anna was caught up from her dolls and commanded to play Ellen Douglas.

But an idea had struck Rebecca. "The Indians must have a maiden, too,—oh yes, Minnehaha. Margaret will do. Let's find Evelyn and tell her about it. Then they can come and steal Ellen Douglas and when we try to retaliate and capture Minnehaha, we can have a war!"

Jubilant with the idea of war, the Highlanders had gone forth and settled with the Indians. Accordingly, Allie's little sister was pressed into service as Minnehaha. But then a doubt arose—how could Michael Graeme or James Fitz James fight on Rhoderick Dhu's side? But that was all right; this was all happening before the time of *The Lady of the Lake*, and anyway, they could "play like" Michael and the Prince were both in disguise! And so they had arranged the campaign. Indeed, only Rebecca's frantic entreaties kept the redoubtable savages from betraying their whole plan of attack for the morrow. Rebecca was in mortal dread lest these Indians prove less treacherous than Indians should.

And so, after many directions as to the arrangement of the plaids, and provisions, etc., they had parted.

Jenny stepped off the tree-stump down into the hollow circle formed by high dog-fennel growing around like a wall, and gingerly wrapping the whistle in her handkerchief, hid the treasure in her blouse—for Allie's Uncle Tom had "actually taken it off of a dead Filipino,"—and sat down to wait.

I beg your pardon, or Jenny begs Rebecca's—Rhoderick Dhu proudly descended from his vantage point and gently laying aside the bag-pipe, entered the solitary rendezvous of the clan, to await the coming of his noble followers.

Meanwhile, the Indians met and examined each other's wampum; questioned about the paint on each other's faces—one brave had put walnut juice on her, on his face—and eagerly pressed the Big Chief to let them take the warpath.

Rhoderick Dhu was addressing the clan: "Ye maun say, 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled'," admonished the Knight of Snowdown.

But Rhoderick had to admit, "I dinna ken". Yet unabashed he sallied into an oration that none could call plagiarized. "Clan Alpine Scots," he declaimed, "Ye have answered your chieftain's call. Ye have come at my signal. There is bloody work before us today. Yes, we'll wash the paint off those Indians' faces with blood, we will. We'll boil 'em in oil, we'll make 'em walk the plank—"

"Woo-oooh-oo-oooh-ooo"—the triumphant warwhoop rang. Rhoderick Dhu, leaping to the crest of the hillock, saw the Indian tribe scudding across the plain, and heard the feeble cries of fair Ellen Douglas, as two bold Indian warriors hurried her over the rough ground. It was blood-curdling!

With one shriek of what James Fitz James called wrath, but what sounded more like delight, the Highlanders tore out in pursuit.

But it was too late. Ellen Douglas was a prisoner in the Indian camp. The Scotch had to retire beneath the cliff (behind the school house) to wait until nightfall. While they ate their camp supper of grapes and peanut sandwiches and olives and cake, they determined upon a plan to rescue Ellen Douglas and to punish the Indians by capturing Minnehaha. In case the Highland girl should be too securely bound, they

planned to take the Indian maiden for a hostage. By hook or crook they intended to rescue their kinswoman, and not only avoid paying ransom, but at the same time punish their foes.

And so the canny Scots, under cover of darkness, crept closer and closer upon the Indian camp. It was discovered that Ellen was too closely guarded, but there was Minnehaha that minute going to the spring. What a chance! Rhoderick Dhu sprang forth, seized the maiden by one arm and began to run. But he reckoned without his host.

Michael Graeme was not Minnehaha's brother certainly, but Margaret was none the less Allie's sister. And Allie grabbed Margaret's other arm and began with all her might to try to pull the child away from her captor, shrieking, "You turn my sister alose. You stop hurting my sister. You shan't hurt my sister. Stop! Stop! Stop!"

But those who had not family connection with Minnehaha had not forgot the game. The Highlanders flew to Rhoderick, the Indians to Minnehaha. And so ensued the tug of war. The Highlanders pulling Minnehaha by one arm, the Indians by the other; why she was not pulled in two was a miracle! Fiercer and fiercer grew the struggle, till tears coursed down walnut-dyed faces, and plaids hung in strings.

One by one the devotees dropped off, till Rhoderick Dhu and Allie were left face to face alone. Minnehaha was weeping her heart out to Nokomis, who rubbed the poor, sore little arms. The combatants had forgot their original intention of rending the child limb from limb. Rhoderick Dhu thought only of the defection in his ranks, of the treachery of his clansman. Allie—no longer a Graeme—fierce with real clannishness, was furious because Jenny had been rough with Margaret. Reality had quite upset play. Fact had given the lie to fiction. Soon Rhoderick Dhu himself had lost his identity, and Allie and Jenny were quarrelling roundly. And the Knight of Snowdown, having been bewildered out of her rage at Allie for upsetting the play, was now become Rebecca Lane in very truth, with all her sympathies lively in Allie's behalf. The rest, Indians and Scots alike, were subdued into their everyday selves, Evelyn

and Louise, and Fay and Kate and Laura, and Sallie and Anna, and Lizzie and Martha and Sue.

Finally Jenny, as a signal that she was tired of the fuss, flirted around, and chin in air, declared with a blink that was meant to be hauteur, "I hate you. I shall never speak to you again, Alice Washington Pope," and stalked away. Silently the Scots followed their leader, and forming their own band, silently the Indians marched home.

But Allie and Rebecca stood where they were—and wept.

And it wasn't an April sunrise in Scotland, and it wasn't an autumn night in the forest primeval; it was just plain July, in just plain Waynesboro, N. C.

At Daybreak

Rebecca Stimson, '16, Adelpkian

The moon is gone, the faint pale moon. Each star
Grows dim and dimmer till the last ones die;
'Tis neither night nor day; o'er all the sky
A sudden light dim, glowing from afar
Begins to steal through portals left ajar,
The sun anew begins his course on high.
Tall mountains, valleys deep that yonder lie
Hold not a shadow their beauty fair to mar.
Then man awakes—at last, the cock has crowed;
'Tis day. The work of life begins again;
The last trace of the night has gone away.
I must be up, awake, upon my road.
Whate'er my lot, with joy—perchance with pain—
I must press on to win, to win this day.

ESSAYS ON WORDSWORTH

Wordsworth's Spiritual Frugality

Mary Bobbitt Powell, '16, Cornelian

Some poets like Shelley and Byron strive for a continuous succession of ardent feelings. They are anxious for emotion and spiritual experiences. They seek these feelings; and when they have gained them are veritable spendthrifts in bestowing them upon the world. In this respect Wordsworth has a remarkable distinction among poets, for he was characterized by a wonderful spiritual frugality. He was loath to waste any spiritual store, but instead he hoarded his joys and lived upon the interest of hope and anticipation which they paid.

Wordsworth manifested this spiritual frugality in various ways. There are, however, three chief indications of this characteristic. He paused in awe at the threshold of any new joy. He multiplied past delights. He drew much from simple sources. The first of these arose from his opposition to the spendthrift policy of exchanging too quickly a hope for a reality. We find this strongly illustrated in his poem, "Yarrow Unvisited". Wordsworth had long entertained treasured dreams and visions of Yarrow; but on the very eve of their realization, he wavers, he hoards the delight which his mind pictures, afraid to risk the shattering of his ideal. And even though Yarrow might be all that he imagined, he would rather save the real experience for a future time. Again in the poem, "Yarrow Visited", after rejoicing in its beauties, he puts them at a distance from him to distinguish the influence of the dream, "the image that perished" from the reality. And in conclusion he gives the keynote to all of his experiences in the words:

“Where’er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me, to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.”

Whatever his experience, whatever his pleasure, he manifests his spiritual frugality most strongly in his miser-like hoarding of the major joy for future comfort.

Moreover, when Wordsworth paused on the threshold of any new joy it was generally to work out the course which his frugal mind led him to. As we have said before, he checked the natural surge of thought or feeling in order to brood meditatively and bring out a result of higher order. He liked to make the most of a smaller object before he gave himself up to the greater. He sparingly, as it were, gathers up all the fallen fruit before he will pluck any from the tree. We might say of him as he has said of Michael that his mind was intense, keen and watchful more than ordinary men. Hence he had learned the meaning of every wind and blast, and where others heeded not he heard the music of the storm and learned to love with the pleasure of life itself the many thousand mists that weathered the mountain heights. True to his poem on the strawberry blossom he would always have saved up his flowers of poetry until the ripe red berries lay in them.

Again in addition to saving pleasures for the future he multiplied past delights. We go a second time for our illustration to the Yarrow poems. In the poem, “Yarrow Unvisited”, we see his spiritual frugality very clearly shown for it is this trait that keeps him from giving himself up at once to the beauties about him. Instead his frugal mind causes him to go back to the past with its dreams; he must first think of that, then of the present and finally, as always, he recognizes the beauties of happier years. For Wordsworth the present joy was not complete without a trace of the past delight any more than it was perfect without a revelation of the future pleasure.

The poem on the daffodils affords a more striking illustration of this same method of multiplying past joys. At the time when he saw them, he gazed intently, but he reaped

little of that wealth which the sight had brought to him for the greater part of it was manifested afterwards when on his couch he lay in a vacant thoughtful mood. Then it was that this sunny vision brought to him the balmy breeze of spring, the glint of the sunshine, the ripple of water, and the notes of the bird. The cuckoo is another delight that never ceases to give pleasure. It is a reminder of his boyhood days. Every time he hears the cry, there comes to him a tale of visionary hours. In his own words he says:

“And I can listen to thee yet:
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.”

He feels a second time his school boy thrills when the tantalizing voice led him through woods and meadows in search of the bird that always remained a mystery.

Again in his poems to the daisy we see this same brooding over past joys. It is when some memory is particularly forceful or when there is some fancy or stately passion burning within his poet's soul that the daisy brings the homely sympathy that gives heed to the common life. Our last and best illustration of this trait is found in “Lines to Tintern Abbey”. The recollections of the beauties of this scene were especially helpful to him for they gave him physical restoration, tranquillity of mind, and spiritual depth and peace. That scene was with him through lonely days, and seemed to him a near and dear friend in whose voice he caught the hopes of former years and in whose eyes he read the pleasures that had long since fled from earth save in the poet's own heart.

The third most important way in which Wordsworth manifested his spiritual frugality was in the simple sources from which he drew his subjects. His poetry was fed on less than that of perhaps any other poet, but no other poet has made so much out of so little. His motto seems to have been: “*Multum non multa*”. His poetry did not hold many things but much. He does not move languidly through an experience; but he lingers at every point drinking in the utmost pleasure

that can be derived from it. As one writer has said, he used up all the waifs and strays of his imaginative life, reaped so much from opportunity, hope, and memory, that men were as puzzled at the simplicity of his delights as they are when they watch the occasions of a child's laughter.

Wordsworth's frugality was for him a trusty guide which kept him from bounding in hot haste across the gulf from one striking emotion to another, and directed him in the even, level road where he conscientiously gathered up the bits of sentiment wasted by his prodigal companions and preserved them in beautiful and lasting cases for the great mass of people who have not been so fortunate as to travel where such treasures lie.

Wordsworth, the Poet of Solitude

Mildred White, '15, Adelprian

Verily Wordsworth is the poet of solitude. In solitude only could his poems have been conceived, and in solitude only can they be perfectly appreciated. It is impossible not to feel, in reading his poetry, a sense of the calm and peace of the fields and wood, and often a sense too of the loneliness of untrodden places.

When this quality of solitude, which everywhere pervades his poetry is traced back to its origin, we find that it is due to the nature of the poet. There was inherent in him a love of quiet and retirement. "His soul was like a star and dwelt apart", apart that is, from the noise and bustle of the busy world around him. This love of solitude was no sudden thing, taken up as a passing whim. It was inherent in his nature from the beginning, and it kept developing and strengthening as he grew older. Even in his early boyhood he was haunted at times by a desire for solitude. When he and his companions with shouts and merry laughter flew over the glistening ice on cold, still winter nights, he not infrequently would steal away from the din of the crowd to some quiet bay. He joyed in climbing steep cliffs and hanging alone on the perilous ridge above the raven's nest, or in spending

half the night alone among the solitary hills, hurrying from snare to snare. He and his schoolmates often, in a spirit of rivalry, raced their boats on Windermere, the goal being some small island. But once the island was reached all jealousy and rivalry were forgotten as they rested in the shade and watched the quiet content of nature spread out before them. Thus Wordsworth early learned the self-sufficing power of solitude. He had his moments of greatest exultation and sublimest joy at times when he was wandering alone under the quiet stars, or waiting under some protecting rock for the approaching storm to break, or sitting upon some jutting hill just at dawn while all the world around lay in total solitude. Often while at Cambridge when he was tired of the crowds and of restraint he would slip away from his comrades and from the buildings and betake himself once more to his out-of-doors, there to refresh his mind by hours spent in solitary wanderings. In his hour of greatest need, when he was deeply troubled over the loss of his ideals, and was losing his grip on everything, he felt that in the solitude of nature only would he find peace and an opportunity to live a life of high thinking.

Thus drop by drop nature instilled into the being of Wordsworth that independence of heart, that tranquillity, which she only gives to those who are much alone with her. And the best of Wordsworth's poems, we feel, could only have been written by a man nourished thus in solitude.

Because of the fact that Wordsworth did dwell apart from the currents of thought that were then circulating and was not guided by the literary standards of his day, he was able to rise to regions of higher thought and emotion than those to which literary guides could have conducted him. For this same reason all that he wrote has its own distinctive note.

We feel in all Wordsworth's poems that air of pervading solitude. It is not that in all of them he uses the word *solitary*, or *alone*, or some other like these, though it is interesting to note how many times words of this kind do appear in some of his poems, but there is a certain indefinable something, perhaps it is just the idea that a certain word connotes, that gives us a feeling of deep seclusion. Even when he writes of people,

it is usually some solitary figure that he chooses, such as the Highland lass, who sings to herself as alone in the field she binds the sheaves of grain, or Lucy Gray, the solitary child dwelling on a wide moor. To those who look for an expression of the piteousness of the child's fate this "Lucy Gray" is a disappointment, for Wordsworth did not feel the piteousness of it. He was thinking of a pure and lonely death as a fitting close to a lonely life. We see again Wordsworth's fondness for solitary figures in his poems describing that other Lucy. He pictures her as dwelling among untrodden ways, her life as she lives thus known to few resembling nothing so closely as the violet half hidden from the eye. In writing of one of his school fellows at Hawkshead he speaks of him as one who delighted to stand alone beneath the trees when the earliest stars began to move along the edges of the hills, and blow mimic hooting to the silent owls until they respond with quivering lonely peals to his shouts. Again and again these lonely figures appear in Wordsworth's poetry standing out sharply in the surrounding solitude.

However, in all this atmosphere of solitude, there is nothing of gloom, it is the peace and tranquillity of lonely places rather than their gloom that we are made to feel. An ineffable spiritual charm reaches out from those green solitudes of mountains and lakes that calms and soothes troubled souls. Wordsworth gives encouragement and consolation to tired hearts; he is the apostle of peace.

My Heart's Wish

Natalie Hughes Tuck, '16, Cornelian

Make her fair as summer skies,
 As soft as heather-down,
 Give her eyes of azure blue,
 Add a golden crown.
 Make her heart a tender flower,
 To understand and feel,
 But keep it ever strong and true
 As mighty bands of steel.
 Keep her soul in purity,
 In tenderness divine—
 A presence ever fragrant,
 This Lady fair of mine.

To My Luve

Edith C. Avery, '15, Adelphian

My luve hath not a silken gown
 Nor jewels rare to praise;
 Her simple beauty shall be sung
 In minstrel's riming lays.

My luve hath not an artful way—
 No cunning wile to ensnare;
 But oh, the smile upon her face—
 There can be naught so fair.

My luve she hath her simple grace,
 Her native air to charm.
 With these she captureth my heart,
 With these she worketh harm.



Sketches

St. Valentine's Day

Vivian Scarborough, Cornelian

“Tomorrow is St. Valentine's Day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.”

The origin of the peculiar customs of St. Valentine's Day is very obscure. The fact that it is the birthday of St. Valentine, who was a Roman Priest and who was martyred in the third century, seems to be purely accidental, and has nothing to do with the customs of the day. Valentine's Day is believed by some to be a remnant of the ancient festival held by the Romans in honor of Pan and Juno, on the fifteenth of February. Others believe it to be a part of the festival once held by the French on the first Sunday in Lent.

Valentine's Day is now a much degenerated festival, almost the only observance of the day being the sending of Valentines, either letters or cards with sentimental pictures and verses of poetry. These are usually sent anonymously. Even this custom has become almost vulgarized, comic, gaudy caricatures often being sent instead of the once delicate and tender message. At an earlier period, however, this was unknown. When Valentines were sent at all, they contained only a courteous profession of attachment from some young man to a young lady, with a few compliments to her beauty and accomplishments, and almost always expressed the wish that she might return his love. However, the true ceremony of the day seems to have been the drawing of a lottery, followed by different ceremonies somewhat like the game of forfeits. Mission, a learned traveler of the early part of the last century, tells us that on the eve of St. Valentine's Day the

young people of Scotland and England gather together and celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors meet and each writes his or her name, or some fictitious one upon separate slips. These are then rolled up and are drawn by lots, the men taking the ladies and the maids taking the gentlemen. By this means each young man gets a girl for his valentine and each girl a young man for hers; also by this means each one gets two valentines, but it is customary for the gentleman to stick faster to the valentine that has fallen to him than to the one to whom he has fallen. The valentines often give balls or treats to their mistresses and in this way this little sport often ends in love. One of the peculiar customs of England was, that married and single alike were liable to be chosen as valentines, and that a present must always be given to the choosing party. One of the common beliefs was, that the person chosen as a valentine was to be the associate of the other party in wedlock, if the person chosen was eligible in other respects. Among the rural districts it was believed by some that the first unmarried person of the opposite sex one met on going from home on the morning of St. Valentine's Day, was destined to be one's wife or husband. Some other customs observed by young girls were prevalent. One young lady says, "Last Friday was Saint Valentine's Day; and the night before, I got five bay leaves and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the other in the middle; and then if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said, 'we should be married before the year was out'." Another way the young girls had of choosing their valentines was to write the names of several gentlemen on separate slips of paper and roll them up inside of small balls of clay and drop them in water. The first one that rose to the top was her valentine.

The pastors of the early Christian churches endeavored to stop some of the pagan superstitions concerning Valentine's Day. It seems, however, that it was impossible to eradicate ceremonies that had become so deeply rooted among the common people.

The First Breath of Spring

May McQueen, '14, Adelpgian

There is a breath of far-off spring in the air. We hardly dare call it that, for do we not know that many times yet will the earth be white with frost, or perhaps even a blanket of snow? And yet we feel—we know that it can be nothing else. Our blood thrills. We hold our heads high, breathe deeply as if the air were purer than before, and delight in the breeze that fans the hair back from our faces.

Do not tell me I am mistaken. What could it be but a tiny breath of spring that has escaped and run ahead to tell the secret that spring is coming? The birds feel it too; or why should they alight near our windows to greet us with a few warbling notes when first we wake in the morning? How we love that stray songster! He is telling to the world that which we feel and cannot express. We run to the window to greet him, we feel the soft air against our faces, and looking out we almost expect to see the trees covered with a delicate growth of tiny leaves, and tiny patches of bright green among the brownish green of last year's grass.

We hastily dress in a fresh white suit—for what else could go with such a day—and hurry out with the first tap of the bell. Who could be late to breakfast on such a morning? We bob our heads from side to side, trying to wish everybody we meet a "good morning". Someone is sure to ask us what in the world has happened to us. We cannot tell them. All we know is that we are filled with the pure joy of living and all because we feel in the air a promise of the coming spring.

Nag's Head

Marie Whitehurst, '17, Cornelian

From an elevated position on Engagement Hill, I could obtain a good view of the surrounding country. Directly in front of me lay wide stretches of sand, covered with sand-spurs, the horror of barefoot children. At a distance a slight

incline formed a ridge on which was a long row of cottages. This ridge must have once been a shoal in the ocean's bed, but it seemed as if it had been formed as a safe foundation for the cottages, protecting them from the frequent high tides. Just in front of the cottages this ridge declines, sloping gradually to the water's edge. The next thing that can be seen is the ocean—water as far as the eye can see. This indeed is a beautiful picture; the blue of the ocean, crested with long stretches of white breakers contrasts with the bright yellow sand and blends beautifully with the blue of the sky, which, with its fleecy white clouds, seems only to be a reflection of the ocean itself. While gazing at the beautiful view before me I almost forgot the scene at my back.

As I turned around, the view which I obtained was quite different. The hill declines gradually until it reaches a level and then enters the sound, which now resembles a sea of fire, so bright and real does the evening sun make it appear. Dotted about at irregular intervals on the bright, yellow sand, made brighter by the sunlight, are other cottages, the habitations of those on the "sound side". In the midst of the cottages, surrounded by upper and lower porches, is a long building, which resembles a barn. This is the "Hotel", the boast of the cottagers. Just to the right of the hotel is the postoffice. However, if it were not for a large sign over the door, which gives this information, it would not be known from observation. Directly in front of the hill, extending far out into the water, are two large piers which resemble two long arms stretching forth to welcome visitors. Just at this time—six o'clock on Sunday afternoon—one of the piers presents a gay scene. The excursion boat is leaving, and Nag's Head has turned out in its gayest costume to bid farewell to the excursionists.

As I look to right and left I find that I am on one of several similar sand hills which resemble a long chain of mountains. On one side the hills are bare of growth of any kind, but on the other, they are clothed with small trees and clumps of myrtle bushes of the darkest green, the whole forming a marked contrast to the hills of sand on the other side.

The sand bar on which Nag's Head is situated, almost surrounded by water, always reminds me of the back of a huge whale partly submerged in the sea.

A Lighthouse

Thelma Woodard, '18, Adelphian

Every one who has sailed from Pamlico to New Bern is acquainted with the lighthouse painted green and white which is situated on Neuse River about four miles from the mouth of Broad Creek. The house rests on an iron frame which has its foundation deep down in the bottom of the river, and which extends many feet above the river. An iron flight of steps leads up to a round building consisting of three stories, the third one of which is a large glass dome. The lower story is surrounded by a wide piazza, which is held in place by many large posts. On the front of this piazza, between two posts which are about eight feet apart, is a door; this door leads into a wide hall, the floor of which almost dazzles one by its brightness. In this hall is a flight of stairs with broad steps and highly polished balusters. On the right a door opens into a large sitting-room, and from this sitting-room another door opens into a library, which is furnished with a great variety of good books. Opposite these rooms are the kitchen and dining-room, which are always kept spotlessly clean. Above are the bed-rooms, of which there are four, and they are furnished with very ancient furniture. Above these bed-rooms is the glass dome, which has been mentioned before. In it is the lamp. And such a lamp! It is made of brass and shines so brightly that it hurts one's eyes to look at it. The lamp is always lighted just before dark, and it is this light shining through the glass dome which causes the lives of many sailors to be saved because it warns them of the dangers along the shore.

A Lighthouse

Maysel Lupton, '17, Cornelian

Everyone who has visited Ocracoke is familiar with the old lighthouse that is situated on the western side of the island. The lighthouse is approached by means of a narrow strip of sand that lies between it and Pamlico Sound; it is surrounded on the other three sides by large masses of yopon bushes. The lighthouse itself, a large stone structure about one hundred and fifty feet high and about thirty feet in diameter, is shaped like the frustrum of a cone. There are small slit-like windows here and there in the cone that give one the impression of the tower of a mediaeval castle. Surrounding the lighthouse near the top is a porch a few feet wide inclosed by a balustrade. On top of the frustrum is a comparatively small square cupola made of glass plates covered by a dome shaped roof.

As one enters the house by a small door near the bottom, about the only thing he sees is the staircase which is very narrow and steep, and which winds around and around, spiral fashion, getting narrower and narrower as one goes up until it is but a narrow footway. All at once as one goes around a curve, he is confronted by a steep, narrow ladder that leads up to a small square opening in the ceiling, through which he must crawl to reach the top. After crawling through this opening, one finds himself within the little glass cupola and sees before him the huge lamp. The lamp is made of brass, and is inclosed by a very large globe made of four thick glass plates polished very bright and cut to form a series of prisms, which magnify the light rays, and cause them to go out in horizontal lines. These plates are held together by bands of brass, which also are polished until their brightness vies with that of the glass plates. On one side of this cupola is a door leading to the small porch which has been mentioned before; from this one can see Pamlico Sound on one side, and on the other the vast extent of the Atlantic Ocean.

Sue

Estelle Dillon, '17, Cornelian

Generally speaking I would say that girls of seventeen are irresponsible and not over energetic, optimistic, or self-controlled.

My friend Sue is the exception that proves the rule. As I shut my eyes and think of her, I see her in a heated argument over a matter of reform in the college rules. Her body is bent vivaciously forward in her chair; her straight, sandy hair is arranged in a never-to-be-shaken-loose knot at the back of her head; her discerning grey eyes are unwaveringly fastened on the excited girl before her, both hands are clasped firmly over the knees and both feet are placed just as firmly on the floor. Though well aroused, she keeps her voice calm and does not interrupt her companion, nor does she use any slang expressions as does the other girl.

"It is a matter of right and principle," says Sue.

"But we don't have to see to it and if we tried we'd never get it under the sun," replies the other girl, "and it's too much trouble anyhow."

"I want to see to it—it's not too much trouble if I believe in it, and I know we can get it changed if we try hard," Sue ends the argument by saying.

Thus is Sue always found assuming and cheerfully performing any task she conceives to be needful. And she always does it calmly and unostentatiously.

The Bootblack

Gladys Avery, '15, Adelphian

"And that great man was once a bootblack."

The finality of her tones made the words seem even more beyond explanation. A great man a bootblack! Why, such things happen in Alger books, but in real life—was it possible? Such a prodigy calls up a cubanistic picture where

the so-called prodigy is going by leaps and bounds from shining shoes to the donning of the silk hat.

But did you ever really think of how fine a school the bootblack has for his future greatness? "A boy in the country learns nature," we say, "and at her best," some enthusiasts add. But the little bootblack whom necessity drives to alertness learns Human Nature—at its best and worst. He may miss much that the well-cared for boy is getting from books; but his very profession, as it were, demands that he specialize in humanity. And he learns something that geographies don't teach about the revolution of the earth. Sometimes this old world can turn a cold shoulder, and experience is the only teacher that gives the knowledge with force enough to make an impression. This knowledge comes to the bootblack and then he comes to know that good hard work is the surest way of keeping the chilling side of the world in the distance. He does not know the greatness of the lesson in finding out the value of work, but he nevertheless, sets himself steadfastly to learn the surest way of good results.

And in so doing he finds himself growing in a knowledge of men. He learns to observe keenly, to think quickly, and to act immediately. It dawns upon him that men like fair play and that nothing binds a customer more closely than a square deal. He finds that efficient work is the deadliest weapon against a competitor and that not far behind it is the habitual cheeriness that all mankind loves. With his practical knowledge of men comes a great understanding sympathy for those with whom he jostles elbows day after day. Add this love of humanity to the boy's knowledge of it, and we find he has the two requisites for mastery of any subject—love and understanding.

And the angle from which he views the great panorama of humanity is always shifting. Most of us, you know, get hung up at the top of an isosceles and either way we look down it is pretty much the same and we do not take the trouble to move. But the bootblack—never. His independence of spirit clamors to assert itself. The alertness of his

mind demands something new to hold his attention. So marvel not that some day one so well versed in the ways of mankind should step quietly, but with all agility, into the shoes of a great man.

Examination Week

Genevieve Moore, '17, Cornelian

The melancholy days have gone, the saddest of the year, wherein we see weeping and wailing, and among some of uncertain disposition, gnashing of teeth against the perpetrators of such unjust dispensations as fives and sixes.

This is truly a time of reverses. Even the weather is against us. The sun ignores the dark clouds within and shines his brightest. Large figures represent small amounts and small numbers stand for large amounts.

It is the time of disturbance among class organizations. The light blue of the Freshman becomes dark and some of its followers become restless and move over to the preparatory bench. The lavender of the Sophomores becomes a fitting color as the mourners realize that they must again partake of the Freshman tree of knowledge. The bright red of the Juniors turns to blue as one who has become a staid and settled part of its family tells them that she will have to stay behind while they go on without her. Anxious eyed and pale yellow, is the appearance of the green, as she waits to learn whether her dressmaker shall prepare a lacy white dress or a black one for her commencement.

It is also the time of wishes. She who recklessly spent three or four periods per day in visiting (necessary of course) would give her best pair of shoes if she had used some of that time to raise her sixes to fours.

She who continually grieved over her sad fate of having to attend such a hard college, and wrote many home sick letters to her people, is full of remorse in thinking of the time she spent indulging her feeling, thus adding a cubit to her grief.

She who lived, bodily much time with her books, but mentally with visions and plans and air castles, wishes she had marshaled her wandering faculties and directed them upon the task in hand.

The student who spent every moment in filling her mind with the things she ought to know, even sitting during walking periods upon a fallen tree, or in a cozy, or perhaps drafty corner, book in hand, regrets that she brought on herself such a headache, or eye ache, that she could not do herself justice on examinations.

Those who smile and pat themselves on their backs for their threes and twos are inwardly kicking themselves for not making ones and twos instead.

Although the new year has been with us long enough to be quite at home, resolutions are in order. Determined voices are heard mentioning the things their owners are going to do in the next four months, and hand shaking is quite prevalent.

There is a sigh of thankfulness when the disturbing days are over, and the quiet regularity of school life is again resumed by a wiser and more earnest group of students.



Book Review

Our Southern Highlanders

by Horace Kephart

Alice Sawyer, '15, Adelpian

Our Southern Highlanders is a book every North Carolinian should be interested in, for it is the book that won the Patterson cup this year. The reasons why it was awarded the cup are obvious; it gives a picture of the people of western North Carolina which is both comprehensive and fearlessly truthful; it takes up their ancestry, character, customs, language, and environment. Mr. Kephart does more than merely draw a picture of the mountaineer, however; he shows how his condition may be bettered. The problem of these highlanders of ours, Mr. Kephart shows convincingly, is purely economic, not ethical, legal, or religious. Give them good roads, training in agricultural or vocational work and they will work out their own salvation.

Even more radical is the theory advanced in regard to the cause of "moonshining" or, as the mountaineers call it, "blockading". Mr. Kephart maintains that the mountaineer makes illicit whiskey because of a natural opposition to law and order, not because of an inherent love of liquor or deeds of reckless daring, but because *he is forced to*. The mountaineer's only crop is corn; that is too bulky and heavy to be transported over mountain roads to a market. Therefore, the only thing the mountaineer can do is to turn it into a more compact form for which there is a local demand, not however, so much among the mountaineers as among the lumbermen and townspeople.

Moreover the mountaineer sees the fallacy in the application of the excise laws against him; that is the prohibition of distilling *as a luxury* to those to whom it is an economic

necessity. As one of Mr. Kephart's mountain friends remarked: "Theory says 't revenue is a tax on luxury. Waal, that's all right—anything in reason. The big fellers that makes lots of money out o' stillin' and lives in luxury, ought to pay handsome for it. But who ever seen luxury cavortin' around in these Smoky Mountains."

To help the reader to understand the case of the blockader even better, the author gives a sketch of the history of illicit distilling. In connection with the attempts of the government to suppress these stills in the eighties he narrates a thrilling story—a very epic. During a trial of a blockader in a wild country district the house was surrounded by a mob. All fled except one deputy, Harkins. The situation was desperate. "His only weapon was a revolver that had only three cartridges in the cylinder. Each of these shots dropped a man; but there were ten men left. Nothing but Harkins' gigantic strength saved him that day from immediate death. His long arms tackled three or four men at once, and all went down in a bunch. Others fell on top as in a college cane-rush. There had been swift shooting hitherto, but now it was mostly knife and pistol butt. It is almost incredible, but it is true, that this extraordinary battle waged for three-quarters of an hour. At its end only one man faced the now thoroughly exhausted and badly wounded, but indomitable officer. At this fellow Harkins hurled his pistol; it struck him in the forehead, and the battle was won."

The description of a bear hunt contains many amusing incidents. The conversation between the hunters is full of a very characteristic humor. Indeed, throughout the whole book, there are touches of humor. The tale of the author's revenge on Belial, a razor-back hog, is a good example. Belial had been annoying him by overturning, with malice aforethought, the dinner cooking on the open fire. If his back was turned a minute, up rushed Belial—so-called from his nature—and over toppled the pot. Mr. Kephart concludes: "Finally I could stand it no longer, and took down my rifle. It was a nail-driver, and I, through constant practice in beheading squirrels, was in good form. However, in

the mountains it is more heinous to kill another man's pig than to shoot the owner. So I took craft for my guide, and guile for my heart's counsel. I stalked Belial as stealthily as ever hunter crept on an antelope against the wind. At last I had him dead right; broadside to me and motionless as in a day dream. I knew that if I drilled his ear, or shot his tail clean off, it would only make him meaner than ever. He sported an uncommonly fine tail, and was proud to flaunt it. I drew down on that member, purposely a trifle scant, fired, and—away scuttled that boar, with a *broken* tail that would dangle and cling to him disgracefully through life.

“Exit Belial! It was equivalent to a broken heart. He emigrated, or committed suicide, I know not which, but the Smoky Mountains knew him no more.”

A review of *Our Southern Highlanders* would be incomplete without a mention of the descriptions it contains of our mountain scenery. Perhaps the most beautiful is the description of the atmosphere of the Blue Ridge and Smoky Mountains: “A tenuous mist * * * softens all outlines, and lends a mirage-like effect of great distance to objects that are but a few miles off, while those farther removed grow more and more intangible until finally the sky line blends with the sky itself.”

“The foreground of such a landscape, in summer, is warm, soft, dreamy, caressing, habitable; beyond it are gentle and lurking solitudes; the remote ranges are inexpressibly lonesome, isolated and mysterious; but everywhere the green forest mantle bespeaks a vital present; nowhere does cold, bare granite stand as the sepulchre of an immemorial past.”

The Carolina Mountains

by Margaret W. Morley

Genevieve Moore, '17, Cornelian

A light blue binding framing a charming, softly tinted mountain scene, first attracted my attention to *The Carolina Mountains*. Its appearance tempted me into handling, and

as the inner leaves offered more interesting pictures, good type, and such attractive headings as "Peach Trees in Bloom," "Traumfest on the Blue Ridge", and "How Spring Comes", I decided at once to read the book.

Except for local anecdotes this book is not narrative, but descriptive. It contains such living, real descriptions that the reader might even believe he himself were traveling among the hills, for he can almost see the life, hear the sounds, and breathe the pure air and fragrance of the pines and flowers. In fact, although nothing could take the place of a real trip, there is this advantage in reading *The Carolina Mountains* that one is apt to see through the writer's eyes a great many characteristics and incidents which he himself would overlook.

The writer in her book describes each season in order. We catch the first glimpse of the awakening spring from the train window as we speed by the ravishing maze of "airy pink peach blossoms" which sometimes "fly past the car window in a mere blur of color." Arriving at Traumfest we find a typical mountain village where "even the cock crows with a southern accent". Here are red mud, winding roads, and mountaineers. Soon the birds appear, accompanied by the budding of flowers, the tender green of fresh verdure, and following these we see the beauty of the laurel, and rhododendron, the blackberries, and the less riotous blending of colors as summer arrives with its beans and corn, vines and fruit. In September "Autumn kindles her torch" among the trees, and the blue haze of the sky, settling closer to the earth, softens the shades of the frost tinted leaves of the forest. Finally there is winter, which is hardly winter at all, as outdoor life rarely becomes uncomfortable for more than a few days at a time.

The reader now goes scouting up a steep mountain road, with its open places and blue distances; its peaks encircling shut-in people. Finally she learns of the principal peaks and the towns nestled among the folds of the Blue Ridge section, the most prominent of which is Asheville.

The writer often pleasantly mingles with her description interesting information. For instance, how different woods

burn, some sputteringly, others quietly ; again, interesting historic facts concerning the founding of Asheville and the first entrance of a railroad into the mountains. She also gives a glimpse of the people with their primitive ways, their quaint speech, and crude occupations. Nor does she fail to bring in the moonshiner, the school, the church, and even surprises us with an Indian settlement.

Occasionally a bit of wit appears as when talking of the mountaineer in spring, she says, "Urgent business, it is discovered, can just as well wait until tomorrow. There is no hurry."

The writer's descriptions are very real and vivid, with the added charm of her personal interpretation. For instance, in speaking of a walk among the peach trees, she says, "You can hear as well as see them. If the blossoming trees do not sing aloud and clap their hands for joy, they at least draw to themselves a blissful chorus of happy creatures. Little things on wings suddenly appear which seem to have blossomed from the peach tree". Another example of her method of expression is given in her words, "Spring moves on in to Summer, and fruitage." Once when looking at the side of a mountain breaking out with the young verdure and bloom of spring, she exclaims, "The forest is transformed; it gives one the impression of one wreathed in smiles." Turning she sees in the distant valley an "inverted bowl" of the blue heavens which "reaches away, away, until it enters the sky at the horizon."

Altogether North Carolinians should be very proud of this book about their high hills—a book whose substance must be the result of much study, since a casual glimpse could not give the completeness with which every subject is discussed—A book which more than fulfills the anticipations inspired by the dainty light blue cover and its charmingly tinted illustration.



State Normal Magazine

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Examinations began Saturday, January 17th, and lasted till Tuesday, January 27th. Formerly the examination period lasted but a week. We welcome the change. The time has been less of physical and mental strain, and we have been able to go at things a little more calmly. There was a perceptible difference in the manner of the students under the new régime. For instance, usually there is a great deal of excitement in the dining-room during examination time; this year the noise was not so noticeable. And in Chapel, formerly we have seemed to forget ourselves, but this year we managed to continue as every day. This year examinations have been talked less; about the campus, in the dining-room, everywhere the general atmosphere has been more nearly normal.

And the registrar says that this term's grades have been on the whole higher than ever before.

Whether this is due altogether to the change in the length of the examination period, or not, it is impossible to tell, but at least it is true that the length of the period had something to do with it. Having one examination a day, and that in the morning, most of us have found vastly preferable to having two examinations a day two days in succession. To us the change has seemed good.

Once upon a time, so Josephine Dodge Daskam Bacon says, there was a little girl named Ardelia. One **TABLE TALK** bright, sunshiny day Ardelia took a trip to the country. And Ardelia was very much afraid of the country; the great big cows, and the little bitsy hop-toads, and the stars so near frightened her very, very much, but most of all this little girl was scared of one thing. And that was meal times. For when this little girl went to breakfast, or to dinner, or to supper, nobody would speak a word to her. Nobody did anything but eat. And it scared Ardelia very badly, because where Ardelia came from the people did at least talk at the table. And Ardelia was so scared that she couldn't even eat. One day she could stand it no longer, and she cried out to the farm people, "Be youse dumbies?"

But it didn't do any good, they kept right on eating, and Ardelia could just sit and stare at them. And so Ardelia began to get thinner and thinner, so that when the time came to go home she was very, very glad. And Ardelia went back to the city and lived there happily ever afterward.

And the moral of it all is that we must try to take better care of the Ardelias in *our* midst. It is probable that we have a good many timid little Ardelias, and we don't want to terrify them, you know. And this is something not for a few, but for every one of us to remember, because you know that if one girl at the table acts the "dumbie" every other girl at the table has the right to the same privilege, and if one table acts dumb, every other table might do the same—(dumbness is catching, you know)—then think of Ardelia!

You say that isn't liable to happen, but then it might, you know, and besides the thing we have to look out for is that we don't know exactly who these stray Ardelias may be, every table may have one and we must be careful not to subject any one of them to the torture of silence.

There are assuredly many among us "to whom the sauce to meat is ceremony". And to these, meeting were not only "bare" without it, but an actual affliction.

Glance over the newspapers today, and you will probably see
THE NEW an account of the Society for the Prevention
ARABIAN of Useless Giving, or of the Society for the
NIGHTS Promotion of Better Understanding between
 Fathers and Sons, and, if you look sharply enough, you may discover a hint of the mysterious existence of a Suicide Club among the students of a certain famous university, or you may come across a frank exposition of an Anti-Suicide Association. You will not have to look far, either, before you see some journalist jubilant over the approach of the Era Perfect, when there shall be no more ill-health, no more sickness, no more disease, when *Society* shall prevent, nay, ultimately eliminate all these vexations of the flesh.

The Health Associations will ensure our physical well-being; the S. P. U. G. will enable us at last to become *choosers*; the Society for the Promotion of Better Understanding between Fathers and Sons will encourage our domestic felicity. Indeed, should all these organizations slip a cog and permit us to backslide so far, the Anti-Suicide Association will rescue us from the Depths of Despond, if there remain any *depths*, and will restore us to the germless world. Finally, when we are a-weary of so much bliss, we can join the suicide club by correspondence, and thus learn the merciful secret of escape.

Assuredly it is not proper to say that the times are out of joint. Indeed they are too much in joint—these realistic, truly new Arabian Nights.



Young Women's Christian Association Notes

Lila Melvin, '14, Adelpian

On Tuesday, January 5, the delegates to the International Student Volunteer Convention at Kansas City, returned to college, bringing back with them the enthusiasm of the Convention. During the week following their return they had charge of the morning watch services, using the same programs that were used at the Convention. The Sunday vesper service for January 18th was in their charge. Euline Smith told about the trip there and back. Bessie Terry and Maud Bunn gave a summary of the most important speeches of the Convention. Miss Summerell gave an account of the foreign delegation there. Hattie Coates spoke on "The Needs of the Field".

The other Sunday vesper services for January have been as follows: January 11, Dr. Spilman, Field Secretary to the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, talked about "Christ, the Great Teacher"; January 25, Mr. Sherrill gave a missionary address.

Owing to the fact that two cabinet members did not return to the college after the holidays, two cabinet vacancies had to be filled. Gladys Avery takes the place of Eunice Sinclair as Chairman of the Association News Committee; Frances Summerell is Chairman of the Calendar Committee in Ruth Johnston's place.

During examination week the members of the cabinet had charge of morning watch.

The January Wednesday evening services have been as follows: January 7, Miss Potwine spoke on "The Virtue of Peacefulness"; January 14, Miss Strong had charge of the missionary meeting; January 21, Miss Mary King Daniel talked about "The Requirements of a Christian"; January 28, Mr. Jackson's class on the "Negro Problem in the South", which is to meet at seven of the regular Wednesday evening services, held its first meeting.

The cabinet of the Association, thinking that perhaps some of the girls would like to give their regular weekly offering to the Association, have thought it best to have an evening offering as a part of the Sunday vesper service. The proceeds of this offering will go to the Social Service Committee for carrying on its work.



Among Ourselves

Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian

We returned from the holidays on Monday, January 5th, to begin work the next day. We discovered that the new dormitory to the north of the Woman's Building was ready for use, and that the girls who had roomed in Forest House and the Old Infirmary, and the annex to the Old Infirmary, were to spend the first night in their new home. The Old Infirmary is now used for practice rooms. The plan of the new building is like that of the Woman's Building.

Regular work began Tuesday, January 6th, and continued until Saturday, the 17th, when mid-term examinations began.

On the evening of January 9th, Madame Harriett Labadie was with us, and gave a reading of "The Doll's House". The splendid presentation of this great play of Ibsen's was received with enthusiasm. Both the charm of her personality and the power of her art have made us wish heartily for the good fortune of having Madame Labadie with us again.

Wednesday, January 28th, the Executive Committee of the Board of Directors, Mr. T. B. Bailey, of Mocksville, Chairman; Mr. J. Y. Joyner, of Raleigh; Judge J. T. Murphy, of Asheville; and Col. J. W. Hinshaw, of Winston-Salem, visited the college. After a meeting, when certain details connected with the institution were discussed, the committee inspected the improvements made during the past year. The improvements made on the Curry Building were approved, and the new dormitory was accepted. The books of the treasurer were audited for the past year.

Thursday evening, the 29th, State Senator Hobgood, of Greensboro, delivered to the class in economics, the Seniors and members of the faculty, a lecture on corporations. He discussed the legal status of corporations, told of their abuses and misdeeds, and explained the problem as existing today.

There were regular meetings of the two literary societies on Friday evening, January 30th. The literary program of the Adelphean Society consisted of readings from Dickens. While selections were read by Edith Avery, appropriate tableaux were enacted.

Mr. Smith, of the faculty, lectured to the Cornelian Society, on Kipling. His most interesting talk was thoroughly enjoyed by the Society.

On January 31st, the entire cabinet of the Young Women's Christian Association was entertained by the social committee of the Association. The invitations read:

President and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson
request the honor of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
 Jessie Woodrow
 to
 Mr. Francis B. Sayre
on the afternoon of Saturday, at 4 o'clock
January 31st, nineteen hundred and fourteen
 State Normal Auditorium
 Greensboro, North Carolina

Before the ceremony, Alice Vaden Williams played a beautiful organ number, and Maggie Staton Howell sang "I Love You Truly". And then to the strains of the wedding march the bridal party appeared, dainty little ribbon girls in pink and white, the bridesmaids, ushers, and maid of honor, and the tiny ringbearer, and the bride upon the arm of her father. Katherine Cobb was the lovely bride, and Madge Kennette the groom. Eliza Moore carried out the part of the President with distinction, and Marguerite Wiley made a charming Mrs. Wilson, while Lena Glenn, as the clergyman, was inimitable. After the ceremony, a reception was held in the society halls; refreshments of salad and ice cream were served.



Exchanges

Julia M. Canaday, '15, Cornelian

Among our exchanges for this month we find *The Chimes*, from Shorter College. This magazine is really excellent—both in the quantity and quality of its material. “But Mary Patricia Smiled” is one of the best stories to be found in any of our college magazines. The heroine, Mary Patricia, is an admirable character, revealing what a girl’s pluck and optimism can accomplish. The two stories, “The Signet Ring” and “How a College Girl Played Santa Claus”, are simple in plot, but worked out in a novel and interesting manner. The poetry, though not so good as the stories, is very creditable. The only regret we have concerning *The Chimes* is that it is published only quarterly.

The *Wake Forest Student* is as usual very good. The article on O. Henry is interesting and well written. As a rule too little attention is devoted to the consideration of our North Carolina authors. So we are glad to see this article appear. “The Bridle that Broke” well portrays a southern girl’s bravery during the civil war. There is a rather noticeable lack of poetry in this number of the *Student*, but the quality of the other material atones for this deficiency.

The stories, “Laughing Water”, an Indian story, and “The Lilac Bush”, in the *Davidson College Magazine*, are both worthy of creditable mention. The latter shows how the continued persistence of true love from boyhood to manhood won out in the end. The poem, “Night”, is beautiful in its descriptive power. There is in it a restfulness, a hushed stillness that cannot but make itself felt by the reader.

In the *Pine and Thistle* we find a good essay, telling of the origin and development of the “Oratorio”. This essay is excellent, both in its content and treatment. “The Leading Lady” is a story containing a delightful bit of romance. The letter, “With Lou in Texas”, is a humorous description of a young school teacher’s experiences out in the “woolly west”. The experiences are told in a peculiarly interesting manner, bubbling over with vivacity and wit.



In Lighter Vein

Edith C. Haight, '15, *Adelphian*

SELECTIONS FROM EXAMINATION PAPERS

"Voice is produced by an impression on the diaphragm."

"In the formulative type of utterance the gestures are simple, directory and explanatory."

"Confusius wrote the Koran."

"The material concepts are made of is *precepts*."

"One breed of cows is the mooley."

"Jean val Jean was very much complexed by this situation."

"A sharp is a tone a half step above the level."

"Alimony is the chief element in the earth's crust."

"Hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen are *very* necessary for long life because they dilute it."

"Fir trees are useful to man because they furnish him furs."

"A metaphor is an abbreviated smile."

"The Germans heaped up their funeral piles with clothes and annointments."

"Burns had a great and wonderful love for man, especially woman."

The girls at one of the tables were discussing the cherries in Sunday's ice cream. One girl asked what kind they were. She received this startling reply: "Why, mercerized, of course!"

A. B.: "Come, go into the library with me. I want to get a book."

B. P.: "Oh, no indeed! I am afraid to go in there. I'd forget how to talk."

M. J. (on Senior sociology class): "Would any three idiots in this group form a society?"

B. M.: "What degree are you taking?"

B. S.: "What stands for water?"

A. B.: " H_2O ."

B. S.: "Well, what stands for coffee?"

H. E. (to friend going to an examination): "Glück auf!"

Friend: "You better 'look out' yourself!"

D. B.: "Who wrote Addison's *Sir Roger de Coverley Papers*?"

In the training school:

Teacher: "How many evergreens would I have in my yard if I had three pine trees and two cedars?"

Johnnie: "Five!"

Teacher: "Five what?"

Johnnie: "Five pine trees—no, five cedar trees."

Teacher: "No! I should have five evergreen trees. You must remember that unlike things cannot be added. Now, what would I have if I had four boys and three girls, Thomas?"

Thomas: "Seven boys!"

Mary: "No, you wouldn't; you would have seven girls."

Teacher: "Now, what did I tell you?"

Johnnie: "Oh, you would have seven evergreens!"

R. S.: "Dr. Foust certainly is calling up a lot of girls about their payments."

L. K.: "Well, he can't call me, for I have the *recipe* of mine."

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Fannie Robertson Robeson County
Mary Green Davidson County
Nina Garner Carteret County
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Kathleen Erwin . Transylvania County

Cornelian

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Marguerite Brooks .. Guilford County
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